

JOHN W. SOUTHER,
Druggist, Apothecary
—AND—
PHARMACIST,
City Drug Store, Corvallis Dispensary
OPPOSITE SOL. KING'S STABLES.

PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY PREPARED AT
all hours, day or night.
Corvallis, Oregon, Jan. 10, 1877.

F. A. CHENOWETH,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
CORVALLIS, OREGON.

OFFICE—Up stairs in Fisher's Brick.

J. W. RAYBURN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CORVALLIS, OREGON.

OFFICE—On Monroe street, bet. Second and Third.

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO THE COLLECTION OF
Notes and Accounts.

KELSA & WOODCOCK,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law,
CORVALLIS, BENTON CO., OREGON.

Will practice in all of the Courts of the State.
Collections promptly attended to. Special attention given to Real Estate cases.
Office—In the Court House. Feb 19-1877

JAMES A. YANTIS,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
CORVALLIS, OREGON.

Will practice in all the Courts of the State. Special attention given to matters in Probate. Collections will be promptly and carefully attended to. Office—In the Court House. June 18, 1875. 12-29-1877

JOHN BOSWELL, M. D.,
CORVALLIS, OREGON

Will attend promptly to all calls in the line of his profession, day or night.
Office—Graham and Hamilton's Drug Store.
Residence—First block west of Dr. Graham's, on the street leading west from Graham & Hamilton's Drug Store. 9-18-1877

G. A. WHITNEY, M. D.,
Graduate of Bellevue Hospital Medical College, N. Y. City.

Physician and Surgeon,
PHILOMATH, OREGON.

DISEASES OF WOMEN A SPECIALTY. Residence in Westlake's Building, corner of First and 12th streets. 12-29-1877

G. R. FARRA, M. D.,
Physician, Surgeon and Obstetrician.

OFFICE—OVER GRAHAM & HAMILTON'S
Drug Store, Corvallis, Oregon. 14-29-1877

DR. J. C. GRUBBS,
Physician and Surgeon.

OFFICE AT RESIDENCE, IN THE NORTHEAST
part of the city, (known as the Krichbaum place).
Specialties—Surgery, Gynecology, and Obstetrics.
Will practice in city or country.
Corvallis, May 12, 1876. 15-19-1877

DR. F. A. VINCENT,
DENTIST,
CORVALLIS, OREGON.

OFFICE in Fisher's New Brick—over
Max Friedman's New Store. All the latest
improvements. Everything new and
complete. Work warranted. Please give me a
Jan. 14, 1877. 15-28-1877

DR. E. H. TAYLOR,
DENTIST.

N. B. AVERY, Assistant.

OFFICE HOUSERS—8 to 12 and 1 to 3. OFFICE—Opp
Graham & Hamilton's Drug Store, Corvallis, Oregon
Plate Work a Specialty.
Nov. 1, 1877. 14-44-1877

BEST
business you can engage in.
\$5 to \$20 per day made by any
worker of either sex, right in
their own localities. Particu-
larly and samples worth \$3 free.
Improve your spare time at
this business. Address STROCK & CO., Portland,
Maine.

DRAKE & GRANT,
MERCHANT TAILORS,
CORVALLIS, OREGON.

ALL WORK IN OUR LINE NEATLY AND
promptly executed. Repairing and Cleaning
specialty. Satisfaction guaranteed. Shop oppo-
site Graham & Hamilton's.
CORVALLIS, July 1, 1876. 13-23-1877

AMERICAN EXCHANGE HOTEL
COR. FRONT AND WASHINGTON STS.,
PORTLAND, - - OREGON.

L. P. W. QUIMBY, Prop'r.

Free each to the Home. 15-11-1877

\$66
a week in your own town. \$5 Out-
side. No risk. No time. If you
want a business at which persons
of either sex can make great pay
all the time they work, write for
particulars to H. HALLITT & CO.,
Portland, Maine. 15-23-1877

The Corvallis Gazette.

VOL. 15. CORVALLIS, OREGON, FRIDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 11, 1875. NO. 41.

1857. 1877.
CITY DRUG STORE,
CORVALLIS, OREGON,
Opposite King's Stables.

JOHN W. SOUTHER,
IMPORTER OF

Drugs, Medicines,

CHEMICALS,

PAINTS, OILS,

WINDOW GLASS,

VARNISHES,

PAINT BRUSHES,

Fancy Toilet Articles,

**FINE SOAPS, ENGLISH AND
FRENCH PERFUMERIES.**

—ALSO—
**A Choice Stock of
PURE LIQUORS,**

For Medicinal and Sacramental purposes.

**PHYSICIANS' PRESCRIPTIONS
A SPECIALTY.**

**BEST QUALITY,
AT THE LOWEST CASH PRICES.**

CORVALLIS

LIVERY, FEED

—AND—
SALE STABLE,

**Main Street,
CORVALLIS, OREGON.**

SOL. KING, - - Prop'r.

OWNING BOTH BARN I AM PREPARED TO
offer superior accommodations in the Livery
line. Always ready for a drive.

GOOD TEAMS

At Low Rates.
My Teams are first-class in every respect, and
complete and obliging drivers always ready to
serve the public.

Reasonable Charges for Hire.
Particular attention paid to Boarding
Horses.

**ELEGANT HEARSE, CARRIAGES AND
HACKS FOR FUNERALS.**

Corvallis, Jan. 1, 1877. 15-1-1877

GRAHAM, HAMILTON & CO.,

CORVALLIS, OREGON,

DEALERS IN

DRUGS, PAINTS,

MEDICINES,

Chemicals, Dye Stuffs,

OILS, GLASS AND PUTTY.

Pure Wines and Liquors,

FOR MEDICINAL USE.

And also the very best assortment of
LAMPS AND WALL PAPER
ever brought to this place.

AGENTS FOR THE

AYERILL CHEMICAL PAINT,

SUPERIOR TO ANY OTHER.

PHYSICIANS' PRESCRIPTIONS CARE-
FULLY COMPOUNDED. 14-19-1877

H. E. HARRIS,
One Door South of Graham & Hamilton's,
CORVALLIS, OREGON.

**GROCERIES,
PROVISIONS & DRY GOODS.**

Corvallis, Jan. 1, 1876. 15-1-1877

**NEW TIN SHOP,
J. K. WEBBER, - - Prop'r.**

Main Street, Corvallis.

STOVES AND TINWARE,

ALL KINDS.

All work warranted, and at reduced rates.
27-12-1877

can make money faster at work for us than
at anything else. Capital not required; we
will start you. \$12 per day at home made
by the industrious. Men, women, boys and
girls wanted everywhere to work for us.
Now is the time. Costly outfit and terms
free. Address TAYLOR & CO., Augusta, Maine.
15-12-1877

"Let the Dead Bury the Dead."

"To grieve, with its joys and sorrows,
Is sunshine and storms of rain:
Look not away in the distance,
On relics of grief and pain:
Look up, dear friends, instead:
Let the dead year bury its dead!

What if our pride have suffered,
What if the hour of need
Have shown that the friend we trusted
Was worse than a broken reed?
Look up, though our hearts have bled:
Let the dead year bury its dead.

Let us count the abundant mercies
Our one great friend has sent:
The days of our light and darkness—
All gifts of one sweet intent.
No matter the tears we shed:
Let the dead year bury its dead.

Ah, youth has been taught stern lessons,
And we of mature years
Have learned a yet keener knowledge
Of life's vain hopes and fears.
How surely God's hand hath led!
Let the dead year bury its dead.

And the new-born year shall find us
Courageous, alert and strong;
Girt up for the strife before us,
Though sharp the trial and long.
On, with a firm tread,
While the dead year buries its dead.

The World Boiled Up.

On the outskirts of the city of Nor-
wich, perched on a bluff overlooking
the New London Northern railroad, is a
nondescript structure of plank, stone,
brick and unknown timber, looking as
little like a house as anything under
the sun. It is a habitation however,
and its tenant is a person whom the en-
tire district looks upon with awe. His
name is Lyan Grinnell. He is an ec-
centric of the first order. For twenty-
eight years he has dwelt in his curious
abode. He was once a sailor, and to-
day is a hermit with theories of a char-
acter as strange as he is himself. When
found by a Mercury representative last
Wednesday he was seated on a boat in
front of his door, skinning and quarter-
ing the carcass of a large cat, with the
gravity of a butcher dissecting a bul-
lock. The plump meow of five other
cats confined to a chicken coop close at
hand echoed sily on the summer air.

In person he was a man of over sixty,
bent with rheumatism, with a rugged
and weather beaten face, scrubby white
hair and beard. A Mercury representative
his feline victim and putting the frag-
ments in a pot, he built a fire, put the
kettle on it, and signified that he was
at the reporter's service. At intervals
during the interview he interrupted
himself to replenish a bowl in the cat-
coop with a strange looking liquid
from a bottle. As long as this liquid
lasted, the cats remained quiet; when
it was gone, they mewed, apparently for
more.

"I am glad to meet you," he said;
"I frequently find the Mercury articles
of a scientific and theoretical nature
that are very interesting. I always out-
patient and patient. You see, as you
see." His but is peppered with news-
paper clippings, among which a num-
ber from the Mercury figure conspicu-
ously. He went on: "None of them
agree with me, to be sure, but they all
predict a tremendous natural revolu-
tion to be at hand. So do I. They
suggest various ways in which this re-
volution is to be brought about. Now,
I am going to tell you the true one.
Between now and 1882, the world is
going to be destroyed by a flood of hot
water. The flood is to last exactly
thirty days, from sunset to sunset.
As soon as it ends a new earth is to
appear; only instead of being like it
is now, everything is going to be re-
versed. The poles, for instance, are
going to be in the tropics, and the
tropics where the arctic regions are
now."

"But what is your theory for this
certainly remarkable change?" de-
manded the amazed reporter.

"I hint none. Its on account of
general badness, you see. The world
is rotten. Things is all wrong. I was
told that in a revelation. It came to
me while I was mate of the whaler
Polar Circle, in the South seas, in 1849.
I was at Tahiti, and went to look at
the volcano there—Mauna Loa. I slept on
the edge of the crater, and I heard
what I'm telling you, in a dream, or
rather a vision. It was a voice. I
heard it afterwards down in Peru and
Chili, and once it spoke to me in Per-
namuco. Since I've been living here
it comes once a month regular, with
the change of the moon."

"But what does it say?" "It told
me first that the earth was to be biled up.
A flood of hot water is going to come
from all the volcanoes at once. A
shower of hot stones and lava is going
to fall into the sea and heat it, too.
They will raise the level of the ocean
too, and a big tidal wave will sweep
over every thing. Hot springs will
burst out every where, and volcanoes
will fill up the sea. So where water
now is will be land, and vice versa. O!
I've got it down here. Here's a map of
how things will be. Here he pro-
duced from a battered chest a very
neatly executed chart on the Mercator
projection. In it the outline of the earth
has been strictly followed; but water every-
where took the place of land and land
the place of water. Cape Florida was an
inlet, Gibraltar a large harbor; Great
Britain, Ireland and Australia, colossal
inland seas, while the great lakes fig-
ured as enormous islands, connected
by three like causeways. The tropics
of Cancer and Capricorn took the
place of the Arctic and Antarctic
circles. The chart was not scaled in
degrees of latitude and longitude.

"I don't know exactly yet where the
poles are going to be. I only know
that the North and South poles will
be somewhere on the equator. The voice
will tell me where soon, and will warn

me when to look out for the flood.
Then I'll just have time to scale my
chart and so have something to steer a
course by. There's my boat there,
I've got water for forty days in it.
That green paint is asbestos paint. I
invented it myself. It will keep the
seams from starting with the heat, you
know. Then, here's my cold air gen-
erator; it is an improvement on a port-
able ice machine which I made myself.
With it I will surround myself with
enough pure air to breathe, in spite of
the hot vapor from the boiling water.
The thing is automatic. I ain't going
to describe it; it's my invention you
know, and I haven't got it patented
yet. It beats the Keely motor all hol-
loes."

Here the recluse went to give his
cats a drink, and the reporter examined
the machine, which was simply a con-
trivance for making ice on the ammo-
niate fume system, with a rubber tube
attached to a small boiler heated by a
lamp, and a bellows-like termination.
The automatic attachment was a cog-
wheel and wire springs, which resem-
bled nothing but a clock factory after
an explosion. Detected in an attempt
to set the thing in motion, the Mercury
representative hastened to apologize,
but the inventor received his excuses
with a grim frown, and it was only
with difficulty that any further infor-
mation could be extracted from him.

Allusion to the cats drew him out how-
ever, and he stated that salvation from
the impending deluge is only open to
people with whom cat meat is a
steady diet. "The voice told me so,"
he said. "Cats is the only pure ani-
mals. All other meat is unnatural.
Vegetables was only made for brutes.
Cats are the thing, and they are sent to
us in such numbers as a chance to save
ourselves. But the world is blind. It
won't learn, so it must suffer. When
I first came here I ate anything I could
get. For the last four years I have eat
only cat's meat. The boys bring 'em
to me from town. I pay ten cents
apiece for 'em. What do I give 'em to
eat? Well, that's another secret of
mine. It's milk and sugar and some-
thing else. They must be absolutely
pure, you know. Every trace of the
meat they have consumed in their lives
must be eradicated before they are fit
for me. It takes me from a week to ten
days to purify a cat. The supply hold
out? No, not exactly. I've had to get
cats from New London more than
once. Generally, however, the boys
around here manage to keep me
'satisfied."

Thereupon further went on to say
that, with the exception of a very few
people, he is the only one who has
survived the coming of the flood. "I
chance for a few scattered people who
have developed a fondness for cat's meat.
But in the main the earth and its peo-
ple are doomed."—New York Mercury.

Some Facts to Remember about the Sun.

The sun is 320,000 times as large as
the earth.
The sun is 400 times as far off as the
moon.
A lady who weighs 100 pounds here,
would weigh 2,700 pounds if on the
surface of the sun.

The heat given off by the sun would
melt 287,200 cubic miles of ice
every second.

The diameter of the earth bears the
same relation to its distance from the
sun as the breadth of a hair to 125
feet.

A railroad train traveling without
stops at the rate of forty miles an hour
would get to the sun in 263 years.

The sun is believed to become some
250 feet smaller every year. This con-
traction would be sufficient to generate
the enormous quantity of heat which it
radiates.

Another theory is that comets and
meteoric matter falling into the sun
may be its alimant to offset the tremen-
dous loss which combustion certainly
involves.

It would require the combustion of
thirty feet of coal over the entire sur-
face of the sun every second to generate
the same heat.

The stars are supposed to average
larger than our sun, and to have plan-
etary systems like this.

The nearest star is 250,000 times as
far off as our sun.

It takes light eight minutes to come
from the sun, but it must have required
50,000 years for it to come from the
farthest visible stars.

When the eleven-year storms on the
surface of the sun are at their height,
the earth is visible and sometimes con-
siderably deflected.

The earth is flying around the sun at
the rate of 1,000 miles a minute.

The sun and all the stars are moving
through space, accompanied by their
planetary systems, at a rate varying
from 20 to 200 miles a second.

Some of the sun spots (orators) are
100,000 miles in diameter, and one of
them would easily swallow up the
whole of the planets, Jupiter himself
only making a mouthful.

Some two or three weeks ago, a
Lieut. Zubowitz rode from Pesth to
Paris all the way on one horse, or mare
rather, in two weeks, which was re-
garded as a considerable feat. And
now he's going over to England for
the purpose of drowning both him-
self and the horse in the British chan-
nel. He thinks that by means of an
apparatus he has invented, which is to
be fastened to the mare's chest, she
will be able to swim with him from
Dover to Calais. As the probability is
that the body of neither of them will
ever be recovered, it is a pity for the
mare.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Ten millions of hairpins are annually
manufactured in America for the hold-
ing of hair on the female head. As not
one woman in a hundred has a half
supply, the figures give an idea of
the immense area of female hair in this
country.

Why They Broke With Him.

Mr. Busby was sitting upon the par-
lor sofa, in the dusk of the evening,
holding Miss Lazenby's hand, which
she was trying to draw from his grasp.
He had just proposed, and she didn't
seem to respond very heartily.

"Oh, say you will accept me! Say
you will have me, Tilly! You don't
know how much I love you. I never
loved any other woman but you."

"Never any but me, Mr. Busby?"
"Never, never, never! You are my
first and only love!"

"Why, Mr. Busby, I have heard that
you have been engaged eight times al-
ready."

"Eight times, darling? Eight times!
What a wicked slander! I have been
engaged only five times. I pledge you
my word of honor."

"And didn't you love any of the
ladies?"

"Well, now, I'll explain to you how
it was. The first, you know, was Mary
McCosh. I was young then; didn't
know my own mind. After I was en-
gaged to her I used to go round to Mc-
Cosh's at night, and just as soon as I
got in the house they would want me
to help them move the piano. I helped
carry that piano up stairs one night and
down stairs the next night, right
straight along for three weeks. I
thought it was mighty strange how ec-
centric they were about the situation of
the piano, and one night, when I
dropped the corner on my toe, I went
into the parlor suddenly to rest. Who
should I see there but Mary, kissing
young Ferguson. And when I pro-
tested, they both laughed, and Mary
said her pal had persuaded her to
change her mind about me, and to
take Ferguson. So I saw she didn't
love me, and I broke the engagement
on the spot."

"That was the first?"

"Yes. The next was Henrietta Pea-
body. I think Henrietta was fond of
me. But she said one evening that
her mother was resolutely opposed to a
man with light hair. I offered to dye
mine, but Henrietta's mother said that
she hated it worse when it was dyed
than when it was light. I told her I
would think what I could do, and I
went home to reflect. When I called
next day they wouldn't let me in; so I
wrote to Henrietta to say that our en-
gagement was at an end. Subsequent-
ly she married a man named Johnson,
in the stove business."

"And who was the third?"

"The third? Let me see? Why, the
third was Julia Dobson. You've met
her, I think? I was deceived in Julia
Dobson. After we'd been engaged only
three days she told me she had an
old-fashioned notion. She said she
dreamed that I was a tattooed cannibal,
with wings, and that I broke into the
house one night, and after flying from
the hat-rack to the up-stairs entry, and
from there to the garret, I came down
and ate her ma, and her pa, and her
Aunt Louisa, and the twins, and the
colored girl. She said that the dream
haunted her; she couldn't get rid of it.
I asked her if she didn't think it a lit-
tle unreasonable to dream that I ate the
colored girl, and she said she couldn't
help it; the bad impression was just the
same. She could not bear the idea of
marrying a man whom she would never
see without thinking of that cannibal
with wings, so I broke off that engage-
ment, too. Hanged if I believe Julia
Dobson ever really loved me!"

"Who did you say the next one was?"

"Let's see; McCosh, Peabody, Dob-
son—Dobson, oh, yes! The next was
Bertie Magruder. I never knew ex-
actly what to make of that girl. She
declared that she was fond of me, but
she insisted that I ought to help her
and her mother with the house clean-
ing. So for the first three days after
we were engaged I was washing win-
dows, scrubbing floors, and mashing
my fingers with the tack-hammer, try-
ing to put down carpets. It struck me
as a mighty queer way for a girl to ex-
press her tender feelings for a man;
but they were a peculiar family. One
day I stepped in a bucket of soap-suds
and upset it on the floor carpet, and
old Magruder, her father, you know,
was so mad that he said if I didn't leave
the house he would pitch me out of the
window. Bertie said it would serve
me right if he did; so I concluded
maybe her love-light, so to speak, had
dickered out, and I handed in my resig-
nation."

"How about the fifth?"

"Oh, that was Nancy Bannister. I
flew to her in despair, because I felt so
badly about the Magruders. I was
never really engaged to her. She ac-
cepted me conditionally. Said she
would have me when I made a fortune.
I began boring for oil in our back yard
the next morning, but before I'd got
down ten feet she sent me word that
she'd accepted another man; some kind
of an officer in the marine corps, I
think. Anyhow, my affections were
blighted again. Now I've come to you.
You'll say yes, won't you? I never
knew what love meant until I met you."

"I'll tell you what I'll say," observed
Miss Lazenby. "I'll say NO! And I'll
bid you good evening."

As she walked out of the room Busby
looked sadly after her; then he picked
up his hat, moved slowly to the door,
and went out.

"That," said he "is the sixteenth girl
I've proposed to, and she throws me
over! I'll try a seventeenth to-mor-
row, and if she fails then I'll try a
side."

But he is a bachelor and alive yet.
—Max Adler, in N. Y. Weekly.

Twenty-five years ago, beginning on
Aug. 11th, and continuing until the
14th, a torrid wave swept over the
United States and Canada with terrible
results. The thermometer registered
100 degrees in nearly every locality,
and in the city of New York there were
400 deaths, of which 200 occurred on
the 14th of August.

Ennui is the ghost of murdered time.

Josh Billing's Philosophy.

Almost every phool can prove that
the Bible ain't true; it takes a wise man
to believe it.

I believe one apple is